

A Little Humor Now and Then, etc.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Wake up, Mrs. Henne-Pecquet wake up! There are robbers in the house!" whispered Mr. Henne-Pecquet in an agitated manner, shaking his better half, as he spoke.

"Eh? What? What's the matter now?" was the drowsy reply.

"Wake up! There are robbers in the house, and we shall all be murdered if you don't do something!"

"Nonsense, my love, it's all a cat on the fence. Robbers don't come at this time of night. We've only just gone to bed. Don't be scared at nothing!"

"Just gone to bed, indeed! You've been snoring like a triplanner for the last four or five hours!"

"Do be logical, my dear. Triplanners don't snore."

"And the clock struck 2 ever so long ago. Hark!"

"By Jove, there is somebody stirring downstairs!" Mrs. Henne-Pecquet exclaimed, now wide awake.

Hastily dressing her feet into her slippers and donning her bloomers, she was about to hurry from the room when her frightened husband fearfully cried:

"Don't leave this room! Lock the door! They'll kill you!"

"Just like a man! First you rouse me to go and hunt burglars, then—bust the rest of Mrs. Henne-Pecquet's remarks were lost in the distance."

Mr. Henne-Pecquet took the baby from its crib and then scrambled back into bed and pulled the sheet up over his head and the baby's.

Presently he was a little reassured by hearing his wife and the cook talking quite cheerfully as they came up the stairs.

"Did you find them, dear? Did they run away? Did they take anything? Mr. Henne-Pecquet called out.

"I suppose, my love, that it is the privilege of the weaker sex to be scared to death at their own shadows, but really before you rouse me out of my first sleep again, I wish you'd remember that you gave Patrick leave to go to a party."

"Oh, how stupid I am! Of course, I did, but I forgot it. Seems to me he's awfully late!"

"It is just 12 by my watch, which never varies five seconds. You imagined you heard a clock strike 2, poor, timid little man."

"No, Mrs. Henne-Pecquet, I didn't imagine it. I heard the parlor clock, and I remember now that it is half an hour fast and strikes two hours ahead of time. But I was frightened to think."

"Well, of all remarkable things! Why in the name of common sense don't you have that clock attended to?"

"Because, my dear, it's a fine French clock and it costs so much to have such clocks repaired. I am trying to be economical, you see, my dear."

"A very foolish economy, Mr. Henne-Pecquet. I'd rather pay for its repair twice a week than be routed out of my sleep in this manner. Do have it attended to at once, and while it is under treatment you must have a decent timepiece, then perhaps dinner will be more prompt. Remind me of it at breakfast and I'll send up a dining-room clock to-morrow."

"Never mind about that, dear! I can go by my watch for a few days."

"Your watch! Wound up once a week or twice a day, just as you happen to think of it—there, you've waked up the baby with your senseless chatter! It is enough to vex a saint! I've a very busy day before me to-morrow, and I simply must have a good night's rest. If your fretful child persists in staying awake as he does sometimes, you really must take the creature into another room!"

"Yes, dear, I will. You must not be kept awake a moment longer. Come, pet, waddy. Parrot! take his own little darling upstairs, and papa'll sing her some pretty songs. 'Sh, sh, sh, don't cry and keep her, tired mama awake any longer,' and so saying, Mr. Henne-Pecquet in his incoherent robe de nuit went out of the room with the baby pressed close to his manly bosom.

"Confounded nuisances, crying babies are, anyway," murmured Mrs. Henne-Pecquet, settling herself to sleep. "It's lucky for them that father-as-a-patient, I'm sure I shouldn't be."—New York Recorder.

The Long-Distance Telephone.
"Hello, Central!"
"What number, please?"
"Connect me with the City of Mexico!"
"Hello! Who wants the President of the Mexican Republic?"
"Is that President Diaz?"
"Yes."

"This is President Cleveland."

"Ah! Good morning, Mr. Cleveland. Glad to see you at long range. Anything I can do for you?"

"Mr. Diaz, I want to ask how many terms you have been acting as ruler of Mexico?"

"Well, I began in 1884, and have been at it ever since."

"Then you are in your fourth term now?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott! When you have time, Mr. President, I wish you would write and tell me how you worked it. That is all, Good-by!"

"Good-by!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Right Thing at Last.
Ex-Gov. Roberts, of Texas, is a queer character. Recently he was called upon to deliver an address to the inmates of the State penitentiary. The Governor responded, and after reviewing his audience for a few minutes, began:

"Gentlemen—"

"But no," he hesitated, "you are not gentlemen of you would not be here."

He paused for another moment.

"Fellow-citizens, then—"

He stopped again.

"No; you are not citizens, either."

The Governor grew impatient for want of something to say.

"Well," he began again, "it doesn't matter what you are. I'm d-d glad to see so many of you here."—New York Journal.

Decision.
"Could I only read the future," she nervously played with the fragile fan, while the color alternately deepened and faded upon her cheek.

"The future."

For an instant her eyes met the eyes of the man who was waiting for her to speak.

"I have decided," she said, and it seemed that a great peace had taken possession of her soul. "Make it chocolate, with lots of cream."

Then she laughed lightly as one who had never known a care.—Detroit Tribune.

QUEER SHAMPOO.

Joe, the Whiskbroom Boy, Got His Instructions Rather Mixed.

In one of the hotel barber shops a small Italian boy named Joe officiates with the whisk broom. The other day, says the Buffalo Express, the hotel housekeeper sent down to the proprietor of the shop and asked him to fix her up a bottle of shampoo. He fixed it and told Joe to take it up to the housekeeper.

"You tell her," said the barber, "to take half a teaspoon of the shampoo and put it in two teaspoons of water and apply."

Joe took the shampoo and went up to the housekeeper with it. In a short time he came back, and the barber asked: "Give it to her all right?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"With the directions?"

"Yes," said Joe, again.

Half an hour later the barber noticed the housekeeper out in the hall, looking curious, drunk, or crazy.

"Hello," she said. "Which is it? Are you drunk, or crazy?"

"What do you mean?" asked the barber with much dignity.

"You must be one or the other, judging from the way you look."

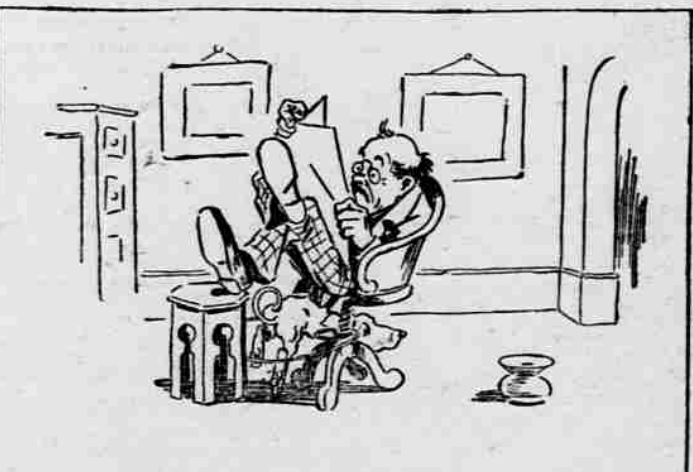
A REVOLUTION INDEED



1—I've tried that dog to the chair and don't believe he can run away again.



2—What is this? A revolution in Cuba?



3—Great Heavens! I wonder if Spain will be overthrown?



4—!!! \$\$\$!!!

from the message you sent up with that alarm clock."

"What message did I send?"

"Joe told me you said to tell me to make a cup of tea and put it in the bottle and lie about it."

Jenny Kissed Him.
Jenny kissed him when we met—
Not as once we osculated—
Leaving doubt and vain regret,
Jenny's lips were medicated!

So the romance fades away—
Love has lost his dearest bliss;
Ruined is the rose of May
With these chilly drug-store kisses!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Dangerous Practice.
A—is dying the hair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?

B—Certainly, you may take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine died his hair and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children.

—Fliegende Blätter.

Delicate Hint.
He—Yesterday I asked a daisy whether you loved me, Miss Ella.
She—Was the answer favorable?
He—No.
She—Well, why don't you ask me?—Fliegende Blätter.

A GROUP OF LITTLE CHAPS.

The politician who wrote an open letter wishes now that he had kept it closed.—Texas Sittings.

Cows are now milked by machinery. Milk is adulterated by hand, as usual.—Texas Sittings.

"I went shooting yesterday." "What, has the game law expired?" "Oh, yes; nothing else did, though."—Chicago Record.

The St. Louis girl wrote: "Don't phale to be thar." Her Kansas City beau replied: "I will be thar; there's no such word as phale."—Inter-Ocean.

Laura—George, look at that dog! Will he bite? George—Bite? If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnum—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as when we had a cook.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Sever," began the philosophical drummer, "never marry a woman with a square, protruding chin." "I never do," said the drummer from Chicago.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Papa, I know what I'm going to buy for your next birthday." "Well, what?" "A nice painted shaving mug." "But I

POKER AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Chief Justice Beatty Says It Is Not a Gambling Game.

Chief Justice Beatty, of the California supreme court, has decided that in the eyes of the law poker is not a game that comes under the head of gambling.

This decision, says the Los Angeles Herald, is the result of an application for a writ of habeas corpus made by Julius Meyer, who was held to answer on a charge of perjury. Meyer was a juror in the Paulsell case in San Francisco, and when examined as a witness he swore that he knew nothing with regard to gambling games. Paulsell was on trial in the superior court on a charge of robbing the proprietors of a faro bank. Meyer was asked by the counsel for the defendant:

"Do you know a man named Carroll or Ross or Weber, the men who were proprietors of the gambling house at 620 Market street?"

To which he answered:

"No, sir; I have nothing to do with such places."

The charge is false; that the prisoner did have something to do with "such places."

After the trial it was discovered that Meyer was a constant visitor at certain poker establishments, and was employed to help along the game by taking a hand in

PROF. WEED BECOMES ENTHUSIASTIC.



Prof. Weed (the botanist)—Ladies, you should not be content with a superficial knowledge of this great science. You should go below the surface, so to speak. Water plants are very interesting.



2—Let me illustrate!



3—Chorus from the ladies—A beautiful illustration, professor.

Prof. Weed—Wait a moment, ladies; I'm not through yet.



4—Now, as I said, this is an interesting plant. When I was down there I cut the stem off at the roots with my jack-knife.

have a fine one now." "Oh, I've just broken that."—Fliegende Blätter.

Did you ever hear the ocean moaning, Ever moaning sad and low?

'Tis because that fat old ocean Stepped upon its undertow.

—University Herald.

Customer—Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please. Butcher—Sorry, but there's three or four ahead of you. Surely, you don't want your liver out of order.—Boston Herald.

Wiggles—I hear Bjerkas has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggles—Well, he's convalescent, but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—Somerville Journal.

"What do you think of this previous existence theory?" "I know it is to be supported by facts. For instance, I know a woman only twenty-seven years old who thoughtlessly told about things that happened thirty-five years ago."—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Exact.
Teacher—Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and killed three; how many would be left?

Polly, aged 6—Three, please.

Teacher—No; two would be left. Polly—No, there wouldn't. The three birds would be left and the other two would be fled away.—Philadelphia American.

JOLLY JINGLE.

Mr. Easy Rider—Me only regret is dat de bizzy freight agent wot give me de job recanin' dis easy chair didn't pay me fer it in advance.—Judge.

Hoax—Why do you call your hunting dog Indian?

Joak—Because he's always on the scent.—Philadelphia Record.

He, delighted with a new play—Isn't it grand?

She—Perfectly lovely! It must have been made by Worth.—New York Weekly.

"Hello, Jasna, where are you living now?"

"With my wife, of course."

"And where is your wife living?"

"Oh—er—why—with her father."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Richard—Wonder if we can get a drink at this place?

William—Don't know. We can find out by going in, I suppose.

Richard—Thanks. I don't care if I do.—Boston Transcript.

Speculator—Is there any money in inventions?

Manufacturer—Not as much as there used to be. The inventors are getting so smart now that they actually demand a share of the profits.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Artist—There, sir, is my latest picture. Ingenious Friend—Well, you haven't

CURRENT FUN.

"What luck did you have fishing?" asked the man who had no vacation.

"Tough," growled the lazy man. "The fish bit so fast that I had no chance to enjoy myself at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy and produces testimonial from clergyman)—We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on weekdays?—Sidney Bulletin.

"Do you think she loves him?"

"Desperately."

"Why desperately?"

"Because he is her last chance."—London Tit-Bits.

When winds do blow, predicting snow, And all is serene and brown;

The festive tramp breaks summer camp And rambles back to town.

—Philadelphia Record.

Van Jay—Miss Meeks called me a fool. Do I look like a fool?

Millie—No, you do not. I don't think she judged you by your looks.—Brooklyn Eagle.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.



1—You're a pug nosed villain. An' yer an elephant nosed spy.



2—Take that! An' yer kin take that!



3—All's well that ends well.



Artist (sketching)—What a grand opportunity for a fine study of a cow standing in the water.



4—Go to the devil!

"But you just said you never wanted to see me again."

economized point on it, have you? What do you call it?

Artist—That, sir, is an autumn sunset. Ingenious Friend—Don't say! Well, I don't blame the sun at all for setting.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Logical Conclusion.
He was leaning dejectedly against a lamp post, contemplating immensities, when he accidentally brushed against him.

"Look out!" he exclaimed. "Don't you dare disturb me."

"Why not?" I asked, turning as I recognized his voice.

"Cause I'm the shenter of the universe—no, I mean unvers," he explained, thickly.

"How did you find it out?" I asked, admiring his egotism.

"Go 'way, foolish man, before you pre-precipitate chaos," he expostulated.

"First tell me how you know you're the center of the universe," I insisted.

"Ain't everything revolving around me?" he demanded, indignantly.—New York Truth.

FALL FANCIES.

Mrs. Cawker—What is the proper style of address to an admiral?

Mr. Cawker—Your worship.—Judge.

Miss Prior (quoting)—Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them.

Miss Smart (musingly)—Yes, I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated.—Truth.

Lawyer—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Juryman—No, sir.

"Do you think, after the evidence on both sides is all in, you would be able to form any opinion?"

"No, sir."

"You'll do."—New York Weekly.

Jack—Half a dozen of my girl cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to whether I should stop kissing them. What do you think?

"There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy 'em, then it's time to stop."—Life.

An Important Point.

The Deacon's Wife—I hope you have been careful about the new minister's qualifications?

The Deacon—Yes, we made him define exactly what he means by "a few words."

—Brooklyn Life.

IT WAS A PEACEFUL TOWN.

But It Was Well to Keep Out of the Reach of Playful Shooters.

As I sat on the veranda of the village tavern and looked about me I thought it one of the most peaceful towns I ever saw and said as much to the justice of the peace who occupied a chair beside me.

"Yes, pretty peaceful, but—" he replied as his right hand went slowly back to his pistol pocket.

"But what?" I asked.

"But you don't want to mix in when it comes off. Your best way will be to stay through that door and up stairs, and don't come down as long as you hear any shooting."

"But I don't understand, judge. Is there to be any shooting around here?"

"Sartin to be!"

"Why quick, I reckon."

"But what about?"

"Well," he drawled, as he pointed down the street, "you see that merry hawk waltzin' in the mud down there?"

"Yes, I see a hog."

"He belongs to Sam Batterson, the cooper, and Sam feels mighty tender to-wards that hawk since his wife died. Now, then, d'ye see that pecky dawg up the street by that shade tree?"

"Yes, I see a dog."

"The dog will pitch into the hog, you mean?"

"Sartin to."

"And then Sam Batterson will pitch into the dawg, and Joe Stivers will pitch into Sam Batterson, and the first thing you know the hull town will be pitchin' inter each other. And I said, too, you'd better keep your eyes on that doah unless you want to mix in."

"But Judge, why should a little scrap between a dog and hog lead to such a war?"

"That goes the pecky dawg!" exclaimed the judge, as he sprang up and started down the steps, drawing his pistol as he went.

I made for the door and the stairway and reached my room. The shooting opened lively and was well sustained for about ten minutes. When it appeared to be over I descended to the veranda. The judge was just coming up the steps from the street. He had his hat in his hand, and there